

Young and Reckless by ObeyDontStray

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Summary:

The antics of three teens in a small town. Hey, sometimes you gotta make your own fun.

1. Brush Strokes

Summary for the Chapter:

Nancy asks Jonathan do do a little art project.

Notes for the Chapter:

So I tried to make this one cohesive story and ended up accidentally deleting this one completely. So thank you to those who commented on it before. Sorry your comments got deleted! >.

Nancy flipped through the pages of Jonathan's sketchbook, pausing at a pencil and watercolor drawing of a rose. "You're so talented."

He glanced awkwardly at her, uncomfortable with the compliment. "My teacher said it would help with the composition in my photographs."

She reached for the small pile on his dresser, flipping through his newest photographs. "It shows." She complimented, making him blush. "I wish I had a talent."

"You'll find something." He volunteered as he dipped the paintbrush into water and them the paint, painting a small spiral on the back of his hand.

"I never stick with anything long enough," she confessed "two years of gymnastics. Three of ballet. A month of piano. Just never felt the drive for any of it. Barbara always said I should model."

He gave her a half smile. "Yeah, you'd be good at that." She watched him draw on his hand, mesmerized.

"You should do that to me."

"Do what?"

"Paint me. You know. Like they do in magazines."

"Okay-

"Turn around for a second."

When he did she pulled her sweater over her head and lay it on the dresser beside her, taking her bra off too. She stretched out across his bed on her belly, crossing her arms under her head. "Alright, come paint me something pretty."

Jonathan's lip pressed into a thin line as he looked at her naked back, at the sight of her slender figure and pale skin. "What do you want me to paint?"

"Surprise me."

He opened his sketchbook and lay it on the bed, laying his palette on an empty spread of pages.

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She sighed a little when the wet brush touched her skin, giving her goosebumps. He spread several wet spots of pink up her narrow spine and across the curves of her shoulders.

His tongue peeked between his lips as he concentrated, washing his brush in the cup on his dresser before switching to green and taking his time drawing the delicate lines connecting the splotches.

The Cure's 'Charlotte Sometimes' played on the stereo as he leaned over her bare back, brushing delicate lines. He watched her eyelids flutter close as he washed his brush again, switching to black.

"Um...is it okay if I move over you? Just so I can get a little closer-"

"Whatever you need to do." She said softly.

He shuffled slightly on the bed, raising up and straddling her bottom, careful not to put any of his weight on her. Careful to remain a gentleman with so little space between them.

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After about half an hour later Jonathan felt satisfied with his work and left his paintbrush in his paint cup, reaching instead for his camera. From where he crouched over her he readied his camera and snapped a few photos.

At the clicks she turned her face to the side and he took another photo, capturing her shy smile. "I wanna see it!" She chided and he turned around again, letting her stand and use his comforter to protect her modesty. He watched as she turned her exposed back to his mirror, looking over her shoulder at the vines of soft pink roses he had painted across her shoulders and down her spine.

"It's beautiful, Jonathan."

She blushed but continued staring over her shoulder at the roses. "I wish I didn't have to wash them off. When you develop those pictures, I want one."

"Can do." He replied, turning around again to let her pull on her clothing.

"They're beautiful, Jonathan. I hate to have to cover them up."

"Not as beautiful as you." She tugged at the hem of her sweater before looking up at him through her lashes. She stepped closer, sliding her arms around his waist. "Thank you, Jon."

"Anytime."

She looked up at him through her lashes and instinctively he leaned down towards her face. With their lips inches apart, she stepped away. "I guess I should head home. It's getting late." She whispered.

"Yeah, it is."

"Thank you. For the roses."

"Thank you for being my canvas." He kicked himself inwardly, thinking how objectifying that sounded once he said it out loud. "I mean-"

"I know what you mean." She chuckled lightly. "Goodnight,"

Jonathan."

"Goodnight." She whispered before she made her way to his window and slipped out of it just as easily as she had slipped in.

2. Chapter 2

Jonathan and Nancy sat close on his bed, their shoulders touching as they flipped through their science textbooks. They both startled at the knock on the window.

"Jesus Christ, Steve!" Nancy chided as Jonathan let up the window to let him in.

"What are you doing here?" Nancy asked him. "I told you Jonathan's tutoring me!"

"Well I think you guys have been studying hard enough. Time for some fun." He replied, pulling his backpack off and unzipping it, pouring a myriad of supplies onto Jonathan's bed. Jonathan himself picked up the container of sewing needles.

"What is this for?" He asked.

"Ever heard of stick and poke?"

The Talking Heads played in the background as Jonathan leaned over Steve, spreading the skin just above his ankle taunt as he poked the pale flesh with the sewing needle taped to a pencil. He paused to wet the thread around the needle with black ink and resumed his task.

By the end of the process there was a tiny dagger above Steve's ankle.

"Alright!" Steve exclaimed as Jonathan cleaned the area with alcohol one last time. "Sick, Byers. So who's doing yours?" He traded a cautious look with Nancy and when she looked away, Steve reached for the instrument. "So what do you want, Jon?"

"I dunno, what do you guys think?"

"A smiley face, to remind you to lighten the fuck up sometimes." Steve teased. "On your chest, so you can see it when you take your shirt off."

Nancy smiled at the suggestion, knowing that Steve just wanted Jonathan to take his t-shirt off and wanted Jonathan to think of him every time his eyes fell on the tattoo.

"Whatever." Jonathan replied, pulling his shirt over his head and tossing it onto the bed near them.

"I'll do that-" Steve made quotation marks with his fingers.
"Whatever." If fits you so well!"

Jonathan scrunched up his face as Steve repeatedly stabbed above his collarbone with the homemade instrument. After he finished Steve sat back on the bed and observed his handiwork. The word WHATEVER in dainty, all capital letters.

"Very punk rock." Nancy commented, reaching forward gently and washing the fresh wound with an alcohol soaked cotton ball.

Jonathan shot her a lopsided grin and turned towards the mirror on his wall. "I like it."

"See, I told you guys this was a cool idea!" Steve gloated. "Who do you want to do your's, Nance?"

She shook her head and drew back against the headboard of the bed.
"I don't want one. My parents will kill me if I got one!"

"Like my Mom won't hate mine." Jonathan said, pulling his shirt back on.

Steve made a disapproving noise. "My parents won't give two shits."

Jonathan picked up the needle. "Let me give you a rose. I can make at least one permanent for you."

She looked at him through her lashes. "Only if you put it somewhere I can hide it." She stood and unbuttoned her high waisted jeans, shrugging them down a few inches.

Steve smiled at Jonathan. "You sweet talker. Got her coming out of her jeans."

"Shut up, Steve." She chided. "I want it low enough that my bathing suit will hide it. So only I know about it."

"And the two of us, naturally." Steve replied.

She lay out on the bed and pointed to the spot on her hip where she wanted it.

"There ya go." Jonathan said, cleaning the tattoo and sitting up to stretch his back.

"Good job. It looks great." Steve said, looking over the handiwork and leaning to the side to kiss Jonathan's temple before kissing the new tattoo on her hip. "See, another way for us to share Jonathan."

Jonathan's face turned bright red. Nancy sat up and kissed Jonathan sweetly on the mouth. "I love it. And I love you two."